Roxbury, Dec. 28, 1873.

My Dear Johnson:

The contents of your letter are equally interesting and gratifying to me; especially is it a pleasant announcement that, in the course of a few months, you are likely to become a father. May it go well with the mother and child! I congratulate you and your beloved wife upon the prospective issue; and, whether the result be boy or girl, receive the new comer with equal warmth, and with joy and thanksgiving. After having lived so long in wedlock childless, I can easily understand with what thrilling emotions the event will be hailed by you. I trust that more than one child will be the fruit of your new married relation; and you may watch me, if you can, in the number of grandchildren that may be born before your earthly exit.

Of course, I am greatly obliged to you for taking the trouble to revise and supplement your sketch of my life for the new edition of the American Cyclopedia. It is a real service that you have thus rendered me, and another proof of your enduring friendship.

As to the state of my health, I am glad to be able to report myself as somewhat improving; but the trouble in my right knee, which has so crippled me ever since last March, and which is now diagnosed as inflammatory rheumatism, still causes me continual pain, with stiffness of the joints. I am now under magnetic treatment for the same, and am hoping for favorable results, though not speedily.

You are to be congratulated that you have a good appetite, can sleep well, and have no pains of any sort." And may your shadow never be less!

Last Friday, I attended the funeral of our old anti-slavery co-laborer, Charles Lenox Remond, at Greenwood. He had been wasting in consumption for the last eighteen months. John T. Sargent, Wendell Phillips, and myself conducted the services. A number of white and colored friends from Salem and Boston were present.

Yesterday forenoon, I was present, with many others, at the funeral obsequies of our departed friend and aged saint, Sarah M. Grimke, at Hyde Park. We all felt the tenderness of heart and warm appreciation growing out of the attachments, labors and perils of the past, in a common struggle to break the yoke of bondage, and let the oppressed go free. She was the impersonation and incarnation of Divine Love; and, though bowed and wasted by bodily decrepitude, as

pest in her spirit as though but twenty instead of eighty-one years of age. There was no phase of reform or progress in which she did not take a heartfelt interest. She was singularly beloved and venerated by all who knew her. In addition to the services usual on such an occasion, tributes to the character and labors of the deceased were paid by our dear Theodore D. Weld, Lucy Stone, and myself. Theodore spoke with thrilling pathos and power, yet weeping like a child, and almost choking at times with the thoughts and words to which he tried to give utterance. Dear Angelina was very deeply affected.

Enclosed are three dollars and a half for another year's subscription to the Christian Union, and the promised chromos, "Our Boys."

Yours, in the fullness of affection,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.